Filthy Innocence

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by orphan_account

Summary

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“I haven't been able to come since last time. Ah, Dr. Lecter. I, I… I tried. I watched the videos on Brian’s computer, I thought about you, I even found your picture on Google. I just… Ah! Ah!... I... I don't think I can come without you.” Will confessed quietly as he bucked into Hannibal’s touch, trying his hardest to stay quiet.

“Would you like to come, William?” Hannibal inquired quietly.

Will nodded.

Notes

As if it needs saying, I don't condone this in real life. Don't like it? Don't read it.

EDIT

do I have to keep saying this? Really? These things are positively despicable in real life. I absolutely do not condone any of this in real life. However, this is FICTION. F I C T I O N. Where people can explore the darkest humanity has to offer with NO REAL WORLD CONSEQUENCE. It's a sin fest meant to serve no other purpose than that. It's wrong. But look at the show it's based around. We're talking about a CANNIBAL. A cannibal we swoon over. Look at fanfiction and notice the themes of murder, despicable murder, gore and horror. To write about this is fine, to even sexualize the acts of brutality (ever read anything in which they make love after committing murder together? I have.) and no one ever questions the writer, insinuating that they are a sadist or a psychopath. But you write underage shit, and

suddenly you're a pedophile. No. I wrote this for shits and giggles, and to tell a twisted little story. I'm not a pedophile. Fuck off.

Sorry, but I got one too many comments insinuating this and I'm fuckin done. If you don't like it, click away. And fuck off. It's fiction.

Will Graham, from the time when he was just a little boy, had mesmerized Hannibal Lecter.

From when he was just a six year old boy, touching himself and exploring his body, unashamed to touch and explore until he was brought to pleasure, to now, as a child just beginning to blossom into a young man… From small touches that sent shudders of pleasure through the boy's slight frame to finally, finally bringing himself to feeling pleasure so intense that it could hardly be rivaled by any other sensation… Hannibal was mesmerized.

Things typically became lost in the clutter of his memory palace. He kept things organized well enough, locked in rooms and stored away, hidden to become covered with a fine layer of dust, only seldomly pulling them out once again to relive. But Will Graham was an exception, and Hannibal could not seem to put the memory of him away, could not suppress or push it down. Like a favorite story, Hannibal Lecter found himself pulling the boy's memory from the shelf every night, whenever he was alone in his home, with nothing but the fire roaring and a book on the nightstand and his cock aching between his legs.

With his big blue eyes staring up at him before rolling back with the overwhelming pleasure of having his cock touched by another for the first time, the delicate arch in his back, the stuttering thrusts of his hips, the quiet moans that tore from his throat every time he touched the head of his cock… Hannibal couldn't get the image out of his head, his mind rolling back to that evening every time that he touched himself, in the quiet of his own home.

It had been two weeks since their first session, when Hannibal had given into his primal instincts, neglecting whatever morals he had left in him. Bedelia hadn't called the doctor since, which could have meant one of two things. Hannibal's unorthodox form of therapy had worked, and Bedelia didn't need him to come back. That, or she had somehow learned what had happened between the two of them, and he wasn't going to be invited back.

Either way, it didn't seem like he was going to get called back to meet with his young patient any time soon, which sent pains through his chest at the very thought of it.

The room was dark, save for the fire roaring in front of him. Hannibal's body was left bare, naked, as he often was when he was in his own home, rarely bothering with clothes. He was not ashamed of his body, and clothes, at least inside of his own home, felt restrictive. He sank into his chair as the fire roared in front of him, eyes closing as he stepped back into his memory palace, finding himself strolling past rooms that he hadn't opened in years, doors better kept locked. He found himself going back to the same room, over and over.

He approached the white door, the same door that had he had entered the first time, the same door that had kept beautiful and devilish secrets locked behind them. The door that led to Will Graham's bedroom, the door to the room where morals and justifications had been discarded of as he let himself give into the temptation of his innocent seductor. A smile crossed over his face, and somewhere back in the real world, Hannibal could feel the beginnings of an erection.

The door swung open slowly in front of him, revealing the white room that Will Graham called his own. Outside of his own mind, he slowly let his hands find his cock, wrapping

tightly around it as pre-cum began to leak copiously from the head. Locked within his own head, a hungry look washed over his face as he stepped inside, like an animal on the prowl. His boy was sprawled out for him, his hands covering his small cock in attempt to preserve any ounce of modesty.

Hannibal let out a possessive growl as the pleasure of his own hand spread through his cock, his pelvis, his lower belly. His eyes fixed on the boy, he didn't bother himself with playing through the entire scene again, rather skipping straight to the part where his boy lay sprawled beneath him, Hannibal's hands cupped around the boy's small cock, stroking him quickly, bringing him closer and closer to his climax, the boy's slight body arching and bucking and thrusting into his touch, chasing his orgasm as Hannibal rubbed and stroked him…

Will's loud, unabashed moans echoed through his ears, falling in sync with his own desperate pants, groans occasionally finding their way to the surface as the doctor stroked himself fast and hard, unable to stop himself at the memory of his boy. Will Graham, his devious little Will Graham.

Hannibal could feel his own orgasm growing close as he stroked, could feel himself so close to toppling over the edge-

The phone rang.

Startled, Hannibal bolted up, cock aching between his thighs, but he forced it out of his mind as he walked across the room to grab the phone. Whoever was calling at this hour was terribly rude, terribly rude for interrupting him, but he pushed it away and hit answer before even catching a glimpse at the Caller ID.

"Dr. Lecter." Hannibal answered through his haze.

"Hannibal." Bedelia greeted through the phone. His heart skipped a beat at her voice, immediately assuming that she knew, but the panic quickly faded. There was no sense of anger in her voice. No anger, no fear, no disgust. She didn't know. No, if anything, she sounded like she was trying to… To be seductive.

"Good evening, Bedelia. May I ask why you are calling at such an hour as this?" Hannibal inquired.

"You never go to bed before this time, so I knew that you would be awake. And I just got all of the boys to bed. You've worked wonders with Will, as you always do. Hasn't had a single nightmare since you talked to him. He's shown vast improvement. Thank you, Hannibal."

"I'm glad to hear such good report from our young patient. I was unsure if I had gotten through to him." Hannibal lied. He felt a tinge of sadness, hearing that he wouldn't be able to see his boy again.

"The boys are all asleep, and they have school in the morning so they'll all be out the door by seven. I was thinking that you could, perhaps, spend the night. You're close, and I wanted to… Thank you. For helping me with Will." Bedelia suggested, seduction dripping in every word.

Hannibal had been attracted to Bedelia for years, and Bedelia knew it. Sex between the two of them was hardly foreign, Hannibal often being her first or second choice in hookups when she had the time. Lovers, partners, those were never the correct terms for what they had. Friends with benefits, perhaps, at best. But he knew that if Bedelia was in need of sex, declining her… Well, it felt wrong to do so. Terribly, terribly rude.

Besides, where Bedelia was, there was Will Graham. Will Graham, fast asleep at this hour he supposed. Perhaps he had touched himself just before drifting off to sleep, just like he had the last time that Hannibal had seen him. Perhaps he had fallen asleep to the sound of his own contented, heavy breaths as the room, as the universe dipped and swayed around him. Perhaps he was bare underneath his blanket, sleeping without a speck of clothing on him. And perhaps, when he had made Bedelia cum at least twice, he could sneak out for a bit, lie and say that he was getting a drink, and perhaps his eyes could sneak a peek at his young lover.

“I will be over in ten minutes.” Hannibal stated simply, quickly, before hanging up and bolting out.

Bedelia had come apart underneath his fingertips, even though his touches had all been halfhearted. Once upon a time, Hannibal had been head-over-heels for Bedelia, with her blonde hair falling daintily over her breasts, her long curves and the delicate arch in her back. Before he’d watched Will Graham come apart beneath his fingertips, before he’d brought the boy to completion for the first time, Bedelia had been his muse. No longer, however.

He'd touched her for hours, made her come over and over until she was too tired and spent to move, collapsing beneath him and taken by sleep. Muffled moans and quiet cries had done nothing for him, however, his mind too distracted by the idea of the boy in the other room.

Hannibal waited until she was asleep. At 2:36 AM, when Bedelia was fast asleep, he crept out of her bed without a sound, careful not to wake her. With silent feet on creaky floorboards, he quietly slipped into the hallway, back towards that white door at the end of the hallway.

He wasn't sure what his intentions were yet. Nothing pure, he knew that much.

Will Graham heard the creaking of his door as it slowly pressed open, darting up as soon as he'd heard it. He tugged his blanket over top of him, lest he be caught committing those sins that Bedelia had preached about for years. He simply couldn't help himself. All the way down the hall and Will could hear her muffled moans, and the boy couldn't stop imagining that it was him. He'd seen Dr. Lecter pull in, heard his grunts and moans and his quiet voice, and *god,* he wanted it to be him.

He couldn't orgasm again.

He had tried so hard, did exactly as Dr. Lecter said, but without his big hands and his words of praise, Will couldn't do it. No matter how hard he tried, no matter how much it ached, no matter his fantasies and the things he'd found on Brian's computer, Will couldn't come. Perhaps Dr. Lecter had ruined him for anything else. It didn't stop him from trying, though.

With a terrified look for just a moment, Will found the very same doctor to be standing in his doorway. He was different than the other times that Will had seen him, either gracefully nude or clad in a suit and tie. Now, he wore nothing but a robe. A feeling of utter joy and complete relief flooded through the boy at the sight of the doctor, though. He knew how wrong this was, how he would be in so much trouble if anyone found out what they were doing, but he didn't care. Dr. Lecter could make him feel *so good.*

"Hello, Will." The quiet voice whispered, Dr. Lecter's voice running through his veins.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter." Will whispered back, trying to hide his excitement. His cock twitched at the very sight of him. He had been playing with himself just before he walked in, touching himself to the small grunts and groans he had heard coming from Bedelia's room, imagining what the doctor must look like, must feel like.

"What are you doing awake?" Hannibal inquired quietly, stepping into the bedroom and shutting the door silently behind him.

Will lay awake, propped on his back, looking like some ethereal prince in the low moonlight, like he belonged among the stars. His pale skin was like snow, dark curls looking nearly black, blue eyes twinkling like diamond. His young muse was like a god, the only god that Hannibal cared to worship. He could whisper William Graham's name like a prayer, could praise and worship his body every waking moment, would gladly fall to his knees in front of his boy.

"I couldn't sleep. I heard you with Bedelia. I liked the noises you make when you touch her." Will confessed quietly. His cock already ached just at the sight of his older lover, painfully so. He wanted his hands back around him, wanted Hannibal to make him feel the way that he had before.

Hannibal smiled softly as he locked the door, turning back to his boy and taking a tentative step forward, taking a seat at the edge of his bed. Will sat up quickly, keeping the blanket pulled over himself in attempts to hide his sin and shame, though Hannibal had already seen him in the act. There was no need to hide now.

"What have we here?" Hannibal inquired softly, running a hand over the blanket until he found Will's hardness, his erection pressing against his belly. With a small smile, Hannibal pressed his hand down against it through the blanket, leaving the obscene outline of the small boy's cock in the blanket. It was almost filthier than the sight of him on its own. "Just as I suspected. You couldn't help but pleasure yourself when you heard me."

Dr. Lecter's big hand cupped around Will's entire length, keeping it pressed against his belly from beneath the blanket. Will let out a strangled whine as he slowly began to rub in circles, pre-cum dribbling onto his tummy as the doctor touched him. It felt so good, and he feared that he might come from this alone.

Will looked down between them and watched Dr. Lecter's hand moving over him, watched as he massaged at his erection. The smaller boy could see the shiny head of his own cock, pre-cum beading at the head, twitching as the doctor massaged with almost surgical precision, knowing exactly where to touch.

Hannibal watched intently as his boy fell apart beneath him, debauched and desperate, holding back his little moans, his tiny mewls and whines. He knew that he should have covered his boy's mouth, muffle the noises in hopes of concealing their transgressions, but he couldn't bring himself to. His moans and pants were so pretty for him...

"When you touch yourself when I'm not here, do you think about me? About all of the things that I did to your body, my darling boy? The way I made you feel?" He whispered.

"I haven't been able to come since last time. *Ah, Dr. Lecter,* I, I… I tried. I watched the videos on Brian's computer, I thought about you, I even found your picture on Google. I just… *Ah! Ah!*... I... I don't think I can come without you." Will confessed quietly as he bucked into Hannibal's touch, trying his hardest to stay quiet.

Dr. Lecter gave him a small look of pity before his eyes turned far more mischievous, glinting in the dim moonlight. Will noticed how much he looked like Satan, the devil that he had been taught to fear. No, he didn't look like the devil with horns and red skin and a tail, but the devil that looked like an angel, devious and angelic all at once. He gave a smile that reminded the boy of what Lucifer may have looked like just before he fell from heaven.

"Would you like to come, William?" Hannibal inquired quietly.

Will nodded hard.

"Turn over, *mylimasis.* Flat on your belly." Hannibal whispered.

Will nodded again before shifting onto his stomach, cock trapped between his belly and the mattress. It ached for touch, for that delicious feeling of skin against skin, of Dr. Lecter's hands all over his body. He wanted to be touched, to be held, to feel the doctor's hands all over him. He needed to be touched. He needed it desperately.

Hannibal beheld the magnificence that lay in front of him. He lay sprawled on his bed, squirming uncomfortably the longer Hannibal let him lay without being touched, his erection straining against his sheets. Slowly, he straddled the boy's legs and let his hands drift down his sides, pulling his blanket away and revealing him in full, drinking in every delectable inch.

Will shuddered at the feeling of Hannibal's strong hands ghosting down his sides, gripping the sheets beneath him. He let out a small gasp as he gripped down hard against his hips, struggling not to cry out as he pulled him up, tugging his ass into the air. Pre-cum dribbled from his cock and onto the sheets beneath him, but he couldn't find it within himself to care.

Hannibal leaned over top of his boy and grabbed his pillow, tugging it down toward Will's face, propping it beneath his head for him to bite into, to muffle the cries that would undoubtedly come. Slowly, he tugged his robe away and lined himself up against his boy,

pressing his cock against his ass and rubbing lightly, savoring the feeling of his pale, smooth skin against his aching cock. He hadn't come with Bedelia, had made certain of it, in case he got the chance for this. And now he was glad that he had refrained.

“Beautiful boy.” The doctor whispered as he wrapped a hand around his own length, stroking himself slowly, foreskin gliding smoothly over the ruddy head of his cock. “Too small to take my cock inside of you. One day, when you're bigger, perhaps.”

Will let out a whine at his teasing, feeling the pre-cum from Dr. Lecter’s weeping cock smear against his behind. He gripped at the pillow Dr. Lecter had laid out for him, distracting from the ache between his thighs. He needed to come, needed the doctor to touch him.

Hannibal’s fingers grazed down his boy’s slim thighs before pulling them together and pressing his erection between them, pressing just beneath the boy’s cock. He savored the small gasp that escaped from Will’s lips at the feeling. He wanted to introduce the young boy to all of the things that he could feel, all of the ways that the doctor could bring him pleasure. He decided that this would be the first of many nights like this; Hannibal would make certain of it.

Will strangled back a cry as the doctor began to move, thrusting between his legs, nudging just against his cock. It was a curious feeling, different than when Dr. Lecter had used his hands to cup and massage his length like the first time. He felt like he was chasing his own impending orgasm instead, and Will was along for the ride. His pleasure was not paramount, but he still felt it.

Hannibal slowly draped himself over the boy, running his fingers through his chocolate curls before slowly drifting down, fingers grazing over his neck, his chest, over his belly, down toward the soft, downy hair that had just began to grow. He was nearly bare, save for the small patches of short, soft hair. He let out a shuddered sigh at the feeling before drifting over the boy’s cock, touching gingerly at his straining erection.

Will let out a whimper as he pulled the pillow closer, biting down against it as Dr. Lecter curled his long fingers around his cock. His eyes squeezed shut for a moment before drifting down beneath him. He watched, intrigued and aroused, as Dr. Lecter worked around him, bringing both of them to the peak of their pleasures. He watched the doctor stroke his aching length, appeasing the ache and need. He watched the shiny white head of Dr. Lecter’s cock move between his thighs, disappearing and reappearing between them as his thrusts set a brutal speed.

“D-Daddy…” Will whined quietly.

He had heard it in one of the videos that Brian had on his computer. The girl had called her boyfriend ‘daddy’, and Will couldn't exactly explain why he liked it, but listening to her call him that had been what brought him closest to completion. He hadn't quite gotten there, but he wondered if Dr. Lecter would like it too.

Hannibal’s heart skipped a beat at his whimpering. There was something so filthy and so innocent about his words. He struggled back a groan, his boy’s voice echoing in his ears as

his hips picked up speed, thrusting quickly, roughly between his thighs as he stroked him faster.

“Such a good boy, *mylimasis.* Such a good boy. Daddy’s going to take such good care of you, darling boy. Daddy’s going to make you feel so good.” He whispered, struggling to stay quiet against the silence of the house.

Will struggled to hold back his cries and whines as he bit into the pillow, tears burning in his eyes as he struggled to stay quiet. He was already so close to coming, could feel his balls drawing up tight to his body as he bucked against him. He wasn't sure why he liked the idea of Dr. Lecter being called his *‘daddy’,* but each time he said it, Will grew harder.

“Please, daddy… Please make me come.” He whispered, whimpering as he choked back a cry, biting down hard on the pillow. Dr. Lecter pumped harder around his cock, stroking faster as his hips picked up speed, chasing his own orgasm. Will watched his cock disappear and reappear between his legs, watching the skin slide over the head every time he pulled back.

Hannibal stroked him faster as his thrusts picked up speed. One day, he was going to be inside of Will Graham’s body, going to properly make love to him, make him come from nothing but the feeling of the doctor’s massive length slamming repeatedly against his prostate. One day, when he was older, when he got bigger. Until then, he would use his hands and let the boy watch him from between his legs.

“Hush, sweet boy. Daddy’s going to make come. Let me take care of you. Let daddy take care of you.” He whispered, letting his hands sink lower and taking his balls in one hand, massaging at them.

Dr. Lecter’s skilled fingers, his big hands rubbing at his balls brought a choked sob from his chest as he bit down harder on the pillow, hands grasping hard at the sheets and tugging until they came free. He wanted to scream, but had to stay quiet, lest someone in the house hear them and know of their sins.

“Feels so good, daddy. Feels so good.” He whimpered.

Hannibal moaned quietly as he took to stroking him again. The boy’s slight frame trembled beneath him, trying his hardest to stay silent as not to be heard through thin walls. Hannibal could feel himself getting closer, but he was more concerned with Will’s pleasure than his own. Will, debauched and whimpering beneath him, was a sight sent from the gods that Hannibal didn't believe in. He was beautiful.

“Come for me, Will. Come for your daddy.” He whispered.

Dr. Lecter’s quiet words were what finally brought him over the edge. He pressed his face hard into the pillow as he let out a cry, muffling the sound as he came hard, watery, whitish semen shooting from his cock, spilling over Dr. Lecter’s hand, onto his belly, onto the sheets beneath him. The feeling overrode all other senses, so intense that he could hardly breathe, spikes of pleasure spreading through his body.

Will collapsed onto the bed beneath him, body pressed against soiled sheets, making a mess of himself, but he didn't care. He let out a low sigh, sleepy and contented as he lay with his head against his pillow, eyes closed as Dr. Lecter pulled his length away from his body, still rock hard, but Will barely noticed.

“Turn over, *mylimasis.* I want to see your face while I mark you.” Hannibal whispered, gently tugging his sleepy boy onto his back, cock straining between his legs.

Will obeyed without much thought, rolling onto his back, letting the doctor have his way with his body.

Will was even more stunning now than he was in the throes of his orgasm. His dark curls were matted to his forehead, his eyes rolled back beneath his eyelids, a sleepy smile drifting over his lips, sprawled across the bed, belly shiny and messy with his cum, small cock softening against his hip. He was stunning, and Hannibal could've come from the sight of him alone.

Straddling his hips, Hannibal wrapped his hand around his swollen cock, stroking quickly in attempt to relieve the pressure. He struggled to choke down his moans as he rode the waves of his orgasm, white, hot, thick ropes of cum spraying over his boy’s chest, making a mess of him.

He couldn't stay to cradle him, hold him into the night, no matter how much he wanted to. Instead, he pressed a small kiss against Will’s forehead before rising to his feet, cleaning himself off and slipping his robe back over his shoulders.

“Goodnight, *mylimasis.”* He whispered.

“Goodnight, daddy.”

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